

The Missionary Helper.

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"I HATE the name of Jesus." They were dreadful words, even on the lips of a heathen, and Miss Coombs almost recoiled as they were uttered. These were the circumstances: Miss C. had attempted while in India to present to a native the blessed Gospel, but he refused to listen, saying, "I don't want to hear it. Before your people came here, we were ignorant and superstitious it is true, but we were not a nation of drunkards. You have made us so. I don't want to hear about your religion. I hate the name of Jesus." Miss Coombs tried faithfully to explain that though these drinking Englishmen and Americans come from Christian lands, they are not representatives of Christianity, but that they dishonor it, and that good Christians oppose drinking habits and the sale of intoxicating liquors. But she fears that the object lessons all around this heathen man were more effective for evil than her words could be for good. When we think that with the Hindu his religion, though false, enters into all his life and affects all his acts, we see how potent for evil are the examples of those drinking Englishmen and Americans who, coming from Christian countries, represent Christianity to him. As we note how this evil is poisoning life, not only in this country, but in India, Africa, and all over the world, faithful effort in battling and overcoming it becomes a pressing duty.

A HAY-FEVER STORY.

MRS. STANLEY was not in a happy mood. An attack of hay fever, with its irritating sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, had filled each nerve, large and small, with the determination to assert its respective rights to feel and endure. The parlor furniture needed dusting. Dorothy and her husband were coming for a week's visit and cooking must be done. There was nothing to do but to go to work.

Just as she was in the midst of a violent paroxysm of sneezing, caused by the parlor dusting, the minister's wife slowly came up the walk.

Now there was no reason why such a quiet, peace-making person as Mrs. Hayes, walking slowly beneath the overhanging boughs of apple trees, enjoying the odors of pinks and roses and honeysuckles, should vex Mrs. Stanley. On general principles she was always glad to see her pastor's wife; but now, with Dorothy, cooking, dusting, and sneezing all making a raid on each particular nerve, the united verdict of the nerves was that Mrs. Hayes had no business outside of the parsonage on that particular forenoon.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Stanley, what a cold you have!" was Mrs. Hayes's sympathetic but cheerful comment, as she familiarly entered the cozy sitting-room, to which Mrs. Stanley had retired.

"It isn't (ah-ah-choo) a cold. It's (ah-ah-choo) hay-fever," was the somewhat irritable response.

Mrs. Hayes swallowed once or twice and fidgeted a little uneasily. Her friend had never spoken to her in such a tone before. She attempted some more expressions of sympathy however, then said, "You were not at church meeting last evening, so I suppose you do not know that you and I were appointed a committee to see how many of our church and society can be induced to give one-tenth of their income for benevolence."

Now Mrs. Stanley was looked upon as one of the best members of the Dalesville church. She always talked penitently at the covenant meeting, was gifted in prayer at the conference service, was a faithful Sunday-school teacher, and was seldom absent from the Woman's Circle, where she sewed industriously to earn money to help the brethren keep the church in repair. But just at that hour of nine o'clock, on the particular morning of which we write, there was wild glee in the regions down below, as the imps caught a glimpse of Mrs. Stanley's inner life, where an internal cyclone was tearing up and overturning.

Presently there was an outburst. "I should like to know why they ask me to do all the disagreeable things! Why don't they set the men folks at work? (Ah-choo.) I have to dig and scrub and cook until I'm ready to drop. The men lounge around the post-office and talk of what's going on all over creation and when there's disagreeable work to be done in the church, they appoint a committee of women. (Ah-tis-choo.) They know the women will do it, for it's in 'em to do what they undertake. Then they go down to the post-office and talk big about what 'we as a church are doing.' (Ah-tis-choo.)"

Mrs. Hayes was a wise woman. She understood the situation almost as well as if she could see an imp dancing on each separate nerve in her friend's body. Speaking earnestly she said, "By the way, did you know that Jenny Taylor's baby is dead? I wonder if you would let me take a few of your lovely flowers to lay on the little coffin?"

It was a spiritual wonder how all those little imps ever got down from their dancing-places and back to their dark abode so soon as they did. Mrs. Stanley's face flushed sympathetically. "Certainly. You can have a basket full, if you will gather them. You know I have to let the roses alone on account of (ah-choo-ah-choo) this hay-fever."

"Then," was the reply, "if you will excuse me, I will gather

them now, for the funeral is this afternoon and I'll call in sometime next week and see you again."

"Don't hurry," pleaded Mrs. Stanley, but Mrs. Hayes "must go."

A week later Mrs. Stanley was spending an afternoon by invitation at the parsonage. "I have been thinking much," said Mrs. Hayes, "of a remark you made a week ago."

Mrs. Stanley flushed as she said quickly, "I have hoped you would forget all I said. I was in too unbalanced a condition to talk at all that day. I have sincerely regretted my unguarded remarks."

"Don't refer to them, my sister," was the kind reply. "You said much truth, if it was a little hastily spoken. And that which set me thinking most of all was that men meet and talk 'about everything in creation.' I have been comparing the lives of the men in this respect with those of the women in our village. When do we ever meet to talk of the things which are going on throughout the world? As church women we gather twice a month to sew and talk about ourselves, our ailments, and our neighbors."

"In my husband's last pastorate, we had a Woman's Missionary Auxiliary which met monthly and during the year we studied the condition and needs of twelve different parts of the earth and became acquainted with our own home and foreign work besides having many practical discussions about matters affecting our homes. When I came here, I tried to start one but was met everywhere with the reply, 'We are doing too much already,' so I have waited. I think nothing would do the women here more good than to begin to think and talk about things outside of our own circle. It would rest and broaden and inspire us."

"I hadn't thought of the matter in that light," was her visitor's reply. "I confess that I do need something like that in my own life."

Two weeks later, when haying was over and Mrs. Stanley felt

that she had a new lease of life, several ladies followed each other at intervals up the apple-tree-shaded path leading to Mrs. Stanley's cottage. The flowers sent out their sweetest odors, the little green globes on the trees swayed to and fro very contentedly, and all nature was happy. The pastor's wife was happy too.

We will not attempt a detailed description of the manner in which Mrs. Hayes, with a few copies of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* to aid her, interested those women until they cheerfully organized an Auxiliary. She then talked to them in a familiar way about the Bible custom of giving one-tenth to the Lord and gave each lady some passage upon the subject to look up for the next meeting.

We now have few more flourishing Auxiliaries than that at Dalesville and two-thirds of the church have decided to give to the Lord's work at least one-tenth of their income.

Mrs. Stanley has so many new things to think about that the little imps have watched a long time in vain to find her nerves in suitable tension for a tight-rope performance; and she feels that the way in which her remarks about her brothers have been overruled is another instance of the manner in which God makes "all things work together for good" to his people.

EDITOR.

SUBMISSION AND REST.

THE camel, at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest again.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let the Master lift the load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet,
With all to-morrow's work to do,

If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.

—*United Presbyterian.*

AN INTERESTING WOMAN TRAVELER.

IT is not uncommon for those who travel for information or pleasure to speak in either an indifferent or slurring way of Christian missions. It is therefore especially gratifying to be able to give to our readers the following extracts from an address delivered in London, some months ago, by the well known woman traveler, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, F. R. G. S. Mrs. Bishop has been honored by being made Honorary Fellow of the Scottish Geographical Society. She said:

"It is not as a mission worker in even the humblest department of mission work that I have been asked to speak to-night, but as a traveler, and as one who has been made a convert to missions, not by missionary successes, but by seeing in four and a half years of Asiatic traveling the desperate needs of the unchristianized world. There was a time when I was altogether indifferent to missions, and would have avoided a mission station rather than have visited it. But the awful, pressing claims of the unchristianized nations which I have seen have taught me that the work of their conversion to Christ is one to which one would gladly give influence and whatever else God has given to one.

"I have visited the Polynesian Islands, Japan, Southern China, the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, Northern India, Cash-

mere, Western Thibet, and Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, and Asia Minor. In each of these countries I have avoided, as much as possible, European settlements, and have scarcely lingered so long as I could have wished at mission stations. My object was to live among the people, and I have lived much in their own houses and among their tents, always with a trustworthy interpreter, sharing their lives as much as possible, and to some extent winning their confidence by means of a medicine-chest which I carried. Wherever I have been I have seen sin and sorrow and shame. I cannot tell of fields whitening unto the harvest, nor have I heard the songs of rejoicing laborers bringing the sheaves home. But I have seen work done, the seed sown in tears by laborers sent out by you, honest work, work which has made me more and more earnestly desire to help the cause of missions from a personal knowledge of work in the mission field.

“The work is only beginning, and we have barely touched the fringe of it. The natural increase of population in the heathen world is outstripping at this moment all our efforts; and if it is true, and I believe it has never been contradicted, that four millions only have been baptized within this century, it has been also said without contradiction that the natural increase of the heathen world in that time has been two hundred millions, an awful contemplation for us to-night. It is said that there are eight hundred millions on our earth to whom the name of Jesus Christ is unknown, and that ten hundred and thirty millions are not in any sense Christianized. Of these, thirty-five millions pass annually in one ghastly, reproachful, mournful procession into Christless graves. They are dying so very fast! In China alone, taking the lowest computation of the population which has been given, it is estimated that fourteen hundred die every hour, and that in this one day thirty-three thousand Chinese have passed beyond our reach. And if this meeting were to agree to send a missionary to-morrow to China, before he could reach Chinese shores one and a half

millions of souls would have passed from this world into eternity. Nineteen centuries have passed away, and only one-third of the population of our earth is even **I**nominally Christian.

“ I think that we are getting into a sort of milk-and-water view of heathenism, not of African heathenism alone, but of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism also, which prevail in Asia. When traveling there it struck me how little we heard, how little we know, as to how sin is enthroned and deified and worshiped. There is sin and shame everywhere. Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. How corrupt Buddhism is, how corrupt Buddhists are !

“ Just one or two remarks as to what these false faiths do. They degrade women with an infinite degradation. I have lived in zenanas and harems, and have seen the daily life of the secluded women, and I can speak from bitter experience of what their lives are—the intellect dwarfed, so that the woman of twenty or thirty years of age is more like a child of eight intellectually ; while all the worst passions of human nature are stimulated and developed in a fearful degree ; jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue, running to such an extent that in some countries I have hardly ever been in a women’s house or near a women’s tent without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife, to take away her life, or take away the life of the favorite wife’s infant son. This request has been made of me nearly two hundred times. This is only an indication of the daily life of whose miseries we think so little, and which is a natural product of the systems that we ought to have subverted long ago.

“ It follows necessarily that there is also an infinite degradation of men. The whole continent of Asia is corrupt. It is the scene of barbarities, tortures, brutal punishments, oppression, official corruption, which is worst under Mohammedan rule ; of all things which are the natural products of systems which are without God in Christ. There are no sanctities of

home ; nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, or judgment to come, only a fearful looking for in the future of fiery indignation from some quarter, they know not what ; a dread of everlasting rebirths into forms of obnoxious reptiles or insects, or of tortures which are infinite and which are depicted in pictures of fiendish ingenuity.

“ And then one comes to what sickness is to them. If one speaks of the sins, one is bound to speak of the sorrows too. The sorrows of heathenism impressed me, sorrows which humanitarianism, as well as Christianity, should lead us to roll away. Sickness means to us tenderness all about us, the hushed footfall in the house, everything sacrificed for the sick person, no worry or evil allowed to enter into the sickroom, kindness of neighbors who, maybe, have been strangers to us, the skill of doctors ready to alleviate every symptom—all these are about our sickbeds, together with loving relations and skilled nurses ; and if any of us are too poor to be nursed at home there are magnificent hospitals where everything that skill and money can do is provided for the poorest among us. And, besides, there are the Christian ministries of friends and ministers, the reading of the Word of God, the repetition of hymns full of hope—all that can make a sickbed a time of peace and blessing enters our own sickroom, and even where the sufferer has been impenitent He ‘ who is able to save to the very uttermost ’ stands by the sickbed ready even in the dying hour to cleanse and receive the parting soul. In the case of the Christian the crossing of the river is a time of triumph and of hope, and ‘ O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? ’ sounds over his dying bed.

“ But what does sickness mean to millions of our fellow-creatures in heathen lands? Throughout the East sickness is believed to be the work of demons. The sick person at once becomes an object of loathing and terror, is put out of the house, is taken to an outhouse, is poorly fed and rarely visited, or the astrologers or priests or medicine-men or wizards as-

semble, beating big drums and gongs, blowing horns, and making the most fearful noises. They light gigantic fires and dance round them with their unholy incantations. They beat the sick person with clubs to drive out the demon. They lay him before a roasting fire till his skin is blistered and then throw him into cold water. They stuff the nostrils of the dying with aromatic mixtures or mud, and in some regions they carry the chronic sufferer to a mountain-top, placing barley balls and water beside him, and leave him to die alone. If there were time, I could tell you things that would make it scarcely possible for anyone beginning life without a fixed purpose, to avoid going into training as a medical missionary. The woe and sickness in the unchristianized world are beyond telling, and I would ask my sisters here to remember that these woes press most heavily upon women, who in the seclusion of their homes are exposed to nameless barbarities in the hour of 'the great pain and peril of childbirth,' and often perish miserably from barbarous maltreatment.

"The duty of all Christians towards missions has been summed up in these words, 'Go. Let go. Help go.' The need for men and women is vast, and I see many young men and young women here who perhaps have not decided upon their life-work. Then go. Young Christian friends, here is the noblest opening for you that the world presents. A life consecrated in foreign lands to the service of the Master is, I believe, one of the happiest lives that men or women live upon this earth. It may be that advancement in the professions at home may be sacrificed by going to the foreign field, but in the hour when the soldier lays his dinted armor down, after the fight has been fought, and the hands which were pierced for our redemption crown his brow with the Crown of Life, and the prize of the high calling of God is won, will there be one moment's regret, think you, for the abandoned prizes of the professions at home? 'Let go.' Help others to go by rejoicing in their going, by giving them willingly. Then comes

the other great question of 'Help go,' and this subject of increased self-sacrifice has occupied my thoughts very much indeed within the last few months. Our responsibilities are increased by our knowledge. We pray God to give the means to send forth laborers. Has he not given us the means? Our expenditure on ourselves is enormous; and when I returned from Asia two years ago I thought that the expenditure on the decoration of life among Christian people had largely risen, and I think so still, and think so increasingly. Now, we have many possessions. We have old silver, we have jewelry, objects of art, rare editions of books, things that have been given to us by those we have loved and which have most sacred associations. All these would bring their money value if they were sold. May we not hear the Lord's voice saying to us in regard to these, our treasured accumulations, 'Lovest thou Me more than these?' It is time that we should re-adjust our expenditure in the light of our increased knowledge; and not in the light of our increased knowledge alone, but that we should go carefully over our stewardship at the foot of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the light of those eyes which closed in death for our redemption.

"Every minute eighty-three of our Christless brethren and sisters are passing into eternity. The fields are white unto harvest, but who is to be the reaper? Is it to be the Lord of the harvest, or him who has been sowing tares ever since the world began? Let each of us do our utmost by any amount of self-sacrifice to see that it shall be the Lord of the harvest. And may the constraining memories of the cross of Christ, and the great love wherewith he loved us, be so in us that we may pass that love on to those who are perishing. 'We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich yet for our sakes he became poor,' and we hear his voice to-night, ringing down through ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of his

own. May he touch all our hearts with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and with the inspiration of that love of his which, when he came to redeem the world, KEPT NOTHING BACK !”

TEACHERS ON PILGRIMAGE.

WE had promised, Miss Smith and I, that we would go to Winchester and help in an educational meeting, for we had been assured by the pastor of our church in that place that there were many young people in Winchester who ought to come to school next year. The pastor had urged, and I think with reason, that the best time for such a meeting was the early summer, as the young people who are working in the boarding houses and elsewhere, unless they had some definite purpose for which to save, would have spent all their money by autumn, and school would be out of the question for another year.

When, the week after school closed, we went to Winchester according to our promise, we were pleased to find a large audience composed mostly of young people, who listened so attentively and took so eagerly the catalogues and circulars we had brought that we were encouraged to hope that some seed had been sown in good soil. In fact we were so much pleased with the interest shown in the subject at Winchester that soon after our return home we resolved to make a series of pilgrimages into the neighboring towns on the same errand.

Just to the south of us, across the Shenandoah, is the beautiful farming region of Loudoun County, Va., and here and there among the mountains are little villages with a population noted for their industry and thrift. It was these villages that we were most anxious to visit, partly because we believed that there the people were growing up in ignorance more from a lack of knowledge of their opportunities than from inability to overcome difficulties, and partly, be it confessed, because our very limited experience at public speech shrunk from offering

its services to any community except one to which "lectures" were a very great rarity.

Having secured the coöperation of Mr. Hatter, we wrote to a Methodist minister in one town and to a steward of a Methodist church in another, stating that three teachers of Storer College wished to hold meetings in their towns, with a view to interesting the young people in education and persuading them to come to school. Could they help us to arrange such meetings?

The answer to one of these letters is interesting because it illustrates a new phase of our situation which has grown up within a very few years and calls for a kind of work which before has been entirely unnecessary. It came from the Methodist minister and reads as follows: "We have one school at Baltimore and another at Lynchburg, and we try to get all our young people to go there, though you can come if you want to." I am glad it was not signed, "Yours in brotherly love," or "Yours in Christ." It would not have seemed so pitiful a thing had we not known that his young people are not attending school either at Baltimore or at Lynchburg, but are growing up in ignorance. But this shows the spirit of rivalry that is arising with the increase of schools in the South; not that there are not enough scholars to fill the schools, but that where formerly, without any outside effort on our part, more came than could be well taken care of, now there is room and actual need to cultivate quite carefully our own special quarter of the field.

In other words we cannot much longer expect to remain quietly on Camp Hill and have our halls filled with students who come *uninvited* from far and near, but we need to urge and encourage the many who are nearer to us than to any other school to embrace the opportunities offered. This is the claim we have upon Loudoun County, the minister to the contrary notwithstanding, for we know there are many young people there who can come to us but could not possibly go to

Baltimore or to Lynchburg. Hence we were not discouraged by the minister's reply, but decided at once that we did "want to" and would go if we could make arrangements.

Our other letter received a very different response—a cordial invitation to come to Hillsboro, with the assurance that all arrangements would be made for the meeting. And so it happened that after a lovely ride of ten miles right over the mountains, we found an interested little audience to whom we tried to point out the road to knowledge, assuring them that this road is open to them and presents no greater obstacles than have been surmounted by very, very many young people in the past. Miss Smith and Mr. Hatter impressed this fact very forcibly by telling something of their own experiences in getting an education. These are very interesting stories, but are so rarely told that I doubt if I ever would have heard them had I not been present when they were related as an encouragement to others to dare to face like struggles. I am sure the *HELPER* readers will never hear these stories unless I tell them, which I have a mind to do in a future number.

MARY BRACKETT.

AUGUST IN INDIA.

RAIN, rain, rain! The soil has been saturated till it refuses another drop, and even a light shower sends little rivulets scurrying through the grass and along the roadside. The sluggish atmosphere as well resents additional burdens, and the perspiration which during the dry, hot winds of April disappeared almost before it was formed, oozing from every pore, stands in great beads which renew themselves as often as they are removed by the towel.

The scorching sun between showers starts the evaporation from dripping trees and shrubs, from swollen rivers and flooded rice-fields, till all nature seems sitting in one grand Turkish bath. And the vegetation—it has fairly run wild in the abundance of sunshine and moisture.

The hedge at the gateway is loaded with clambering vines which burden it with a weight almost greater than it can carry, and after winding themselves to the very tip of the outmost twig give a wild leap into space. The Hindu farmers, in mud half way to their knees, are weeding the rice-fields and rejoicing in prospect of an abundant harvest, for they too are remembered by your Father which is in heaven; who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

Salem, Pa.

MYRTLE HALL.

MY week at Harper's Ferry was crowded full, and there are many things which you would like to know about, but I can give only a few glimpses of the work we all love so well.

Myrtle Hall! How I hoped, prayed, planned, and worked for it for years! Now my dream all came true and real! Myrtle Hall—house beautiful inside and out—was a delight to my eyes, in contrast to twenty-five years ago, when the girls were crowded in the old buildings, sometimes nine girls and three beds in a room, with all their work and study, with scanty food and fire, yet happy in having shelter, and kind teachers to help them.

Mrs. Morrell with her hidden store of meat and meal was a mother to many girls in their time of need. Freedom was sweet then, and men and women as well as children were in the classes, eagerly seeking the long forbidden fruit of knowledge. Now Myrtle Hall is filled with girls, who have pleasant rooms, with good furniture, conveniences, and comforts that were not thought of the first years after the war. And all seemed bright and cheery. The kitchen and laundry so neat and nice, full of merry workers, was a picture not to be forgotten. Here the girls have their dining-room, and nearly all board in clubs and do their own work, making their expenses very low.

"Look, Miss Anne, and see our baking," said one of the girls, lifting the cloth over the beautiful, light loaves and biscuit piled on the table. The department of domestic science, taught by Miss Baker, is full of promise for the future homes of Storer girls. I congratulate the Woman's Mission Society on the good work inaugurated by them, and carried on so successfully by Miss Baker. The sewing on exhibition was very neatly done. While much credit is due all the faithful teachers who have helped build up Storer College, it is only just to say that the value of the life-long work of Mrs. Brackett, not only in the class room but especially in teaching the laws of life and health by precept and practice, in regard to diet, dress, and personal habits, can never be estimated. Quietly, unnoticed, with no thought of pay or praise, she has helped these hundreds of girls to understand the high and holy duties of home life. Mrs. Lura Brackett Lightner has joined her in all this good work for many years, and the result is seen in the good health, remarkable among so many girls. A doctor has been called to Myrtle Hall but once during the past year, and then for an ulcerated tooth.

Miss Mary Brackett is a real *missionary* daughter, much beloved and ready for every good work, in the class room and out of it. Miss Annie Deems, matron in Myrtle Hall, and Miss Mary Toler, in Anthony Hall, were among our first pupils, and are faithful helpers in all good work. Woman's work for woman will never reach farther anywhere in the world than at Storer College.

One girl had saved \$20 and sent it to Mr. Brackett to keep till next fall, so she could go to school. So many have friends who want their money they often do this.

While we rejoice in all that has been accomplished, how much remains to be done. Poverty, ignorance, intemperance, and sin everywhere. "O pray for my boy," a mother said with flowing tears, and I wished I could push that saloon death trap into the Shenandoah river! Flowers, laurel, lilies,

and sunshine everywhere, but in and out the trail of the saloon serpent, leaving only "ashes for roses."

"All the fields are white, and the workers few,
The Master has come and calleth for you."

For you, my sisters, who have youth and all your years to work for Jesus. Barak will never go to the battle alone, but with Deborah to urge on her halting brother, God will give the victory.

MRS. ANNE S. D. BATES.

Fabius, N. Y., June, 1894.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

TWENTY-ONE years have come and all have gone but the present since the Woman's Missionary Society was organized. Your treasurer has watched with intensest interest the care the workers have taken to close these years, not only without debt but with a margin over yearly appropriations.

With Aug. 31 ends this year. It has been the most blessed year of all, because we have been obliged to exercise more faith in the One whose resources are inexhaustible, on account of increased appropriations and "hard times."

One of our workers said a few months since, "It will be almost a miracle if we close the year without debt." Yet, it is true, if we exercise the same care, earnestness, and faith during the months of July and August that we have in the preceding ten months, we shall close the year free of debt, *and with a margin over.*

With God's blessing on our efforts I look confidently for this result. To do it, of course our Auxiliaries and workers generally must see to it that the yearly pledges for teachers, schools, children in Sinclair Orphanage, and salaries of missionaries are fully paid by Aug. 31. As I have said many times before, a word to the wise is sufficient.

The thank offering was quite widely observed. The receipts, allowing for \$100 paid by one person last year and not this, will

probably amount to about the same. Michigan has not reported thank offerings separately, so we cannot include them in the total, though I know that in one place alone, Hillsdale, the thank offering amounted to about \$20. The total thus far reported as thank offering amounts to \$534.64. It was observed more fully in Massachusetts than in any other state, showing what a well worked plan will do. One church in Rhode Island and one in New Hampshire contributed the largest amounts.

It may be of interest to our workers to know what churches have observed the thank offering service, so I will give the list by states.

Maine: Bowdoinham, Brunswick (First F. B. church), Dexter, Dover and Foxcroft, North Lebanon, Oakland, Phillips, West Falmouth, Thorndike. *New Hampshire:* Dover (Washington St. church), Gonic, Hampton, Lakeport, Meredith, N. H. Yearly Meeting, Rochester, Somersworth, Strafford Corner, Walnut Grove, Whitefield. *Massachusetts:* Amesbury, Boston, Chelsea, Haverhill, Lynn, Lawrence, Lowell (Mt. Vernon St. church), Melrose Highlands, Somerville, Whitman. *Rhode Island:* Arlington, Carolina, Olneyville, Providence (Elmwood Ave. and Roger Williams churches). *New York:* Poland. *Pennsylvania:* Gibson Q. M. *Minnesota:* Crystal, Champlin. *Michigan:* St. Joseph's River and Batavia. *Iowa:* Lincoln and Waubeck. *Nebraska:* Salem and Long Branch.

At the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting a lady, living at Gonic, gave a beautiful diamond ring to the society, which it is hoped can be disposed of before the year closes. The same lady is supporting a child in Sinclair Orphanage. It is such women who have been our strength in times of need. No one knows better how to appreciate them than a treasurer.

New Hampton Institution has recently sent its annual contribution for the salary of Miss Butts, who was at one time a teacher in that school.

L. A. DEMERITE, *Treas.*

Dover, N. H.

EDITORIAL NOTES ON KOREA.

IT is because so little was known of the inner life of Korea, even by the Chinese, to whom the nation pays tribute, that previous to the last decade it was known as a hermit nation, working out for itself an independent national life.

Since she has become one of the treaty-making nations, her former life has been seriously encroached upon. Instead of improving her financial condition, the opening of her ports has impoverished her. For instance, white cotton cloth is considered the proper thing for native dress and is dignified by ancestral associations. Weaving has therefore been one of the most important occupations of the people ; but now, into the open ports come bales of foreign cotton cloths cheaper than can be produced at home, and native production is unprofitable.

On the same principle this small country finds itself unable to cope with the world in its other industries. As a result, poverty and misery abound, associated with laziness of those whose occupation is gone. The country has many resources, but they are undeveloped and the ability and energy to create new industries seem to be lacking.

But we are most interested in its religion and give to our readers the following extracts from an article in *The Missionary Review*, by Rev. James S. Gale :

"It has been said by some careless observers that Korea is without a religious system. Statements to this effect have appeared so often in American papers that there ought to be some reason for the misunderstanding. Perhaps it is because Korea has no religion apart from her national life, her whole existence from king to coolie being one complicated system of ancestral worship, that one may easily fail to notice, seeing it enters so subtly into every detail of life.

"While writing this to night (Feb. 16)—Korean new year's eve—there is to be found in every loyal household a spread of ancestral food. Even the poorest puts forth his greatest effort

to make a luxuriant display in the presence of the spirits of his fathers. Fruit, rice, meats, distilled drinks, incense, candles, are some of the items on the list for ancestral worship. The natives put off their greasy garments, and dressed immaculately, sit out the night. When the first cock crows the candles are lighted before the tablet (two walnut slabs fastened together, with an opening between where the spirit is said to reside). The worshipers bow, offer drink, and call on the shades to accept their sacrifice. Then when each in turn has made his salutation, they retire from the room and lock the door, in order that the spirits may inhale, as they say, the offering unembarrassed by the presence of the living. Again they circle about and bow repeatedly until the end, when they set to and feast on what the spirit leaves, a dinner that is supposed to bring them earthly prosperity, but which to all appearances leaves them disordered in stomach and poor in pocket for many days to come.

"New Year's is the sacrificial season, but it by no means includes all. For three years after the death of parents, night and morning the children offer food, meat, and tobacco before the tablet in the room where the dead once lived, making besides numerous offerings at the grave. From the palace to the lowest mud hut the three years of mourning and daily sacrifice are observed with the utmost strictness. During such time the royal household is occupied entirely with the spirits of the dead. In the case of the poor people they bring their food, and, staff in hand, with loud lamentations, spread it out before their father's ghost.

"For three long years this endless ceremony goes on, after which period they limit the direct sacrifices to about six important days in the year. A native absent from his ancestral home will walk from the farthest end of the peninsula to be at the grave at the appointed day.

"The time between sacrificial ceremonies is taken up with searching the hills for a propitious site for burial. Hence

praying to the mountain spirits and worshipping at every hill-top is the outgrowth of ancestral reverence.

"After burial the native watches, as a matter of the most vital moment, to see that no one encroaches on or interferes with his ancestral graves.

"If it becomes a choice between feeding or clothing the living and making some outlay for the resting-place of the dead, they will decide at once in favor of the latter.

"The land is dotted over with little temples, reared in honor of those who have been faithful to their parents, more especially after death.

"The Master has seen the needs of this perishing people and has sent a company of missionaries, who are here at a crisis in the political and spiritual history of the country. We have also a few praying natives, who give evidence of being truly made alive by the power of the Holy Ghost."

FROM THE FIELD.

LETTER FROM MISS WILE.

MIDNAPORE, May 17, 1894.

TO THE "HELPER":

This is my first letter to the HELPER, and I have been wondering what I should write about. There are so many strange things and customs, and the surroundings are so vastly different from ours at home, that I find it difficult to write about an ordinary occurrence without a page or so of explanation. I think it needless to add that I am intensely interested in everything, and really, friends, my "bump of curiosity" is developing wonderfully.

I am going to tell you about the afternoon spent with Dr. Mary on her rounds. It was not her usual work but I enjoyed it all. After the most intense heat had passed away, we drove

down the bazar road, turning off to the post-office. A mail-runner was just setting out, carrying the mail bag on a pole thrown over his shoulder. I am told that they run at the rate of six miles per hour. At the end of the pole is a metal ring with several hanging in it. These jingle as he runs, warning travelers to make way for the "Royal Mail." At the post-office we were waited on by a very polite babu, clothed in spotless white. Turning about we took our way to the school bazar, passing the Government College on our way, in the playground of which native boys were performing feats in gymnastics which would have done credit to boys in our own well regulated gymnasiums. These Bengali lads are certainly very supple.

Soon the streets became more narrow and the air less pure, warning us that the bazar was near. One does not need to wonder why so many people die of cholera, etc., for you do not have to stretch your imagination in order to fancy you *see* the germs of these loathsome diseases lurking in every corner of these badly drained and poorly ventilated houses.

We stopped at the steamer office to inquire about some rails for the house, which is undergoing repairs, and I could not help smiling as I pictured the look of dismay which would overspread the face of an American clerk should anyone mention that he was expected to work there. Small—about 10 x 12—dirty boxes, parcels, soiled clothing, etc., to say nothing of the people lying around. In the midst is the table, very small, on which all the writing is done. These Bengali clerks pick their way over various obstructions with the utmost gravity and exhibit no signs of discomfort.

Then we went to a market and did some bargaining with some Caboolese venders. I am not clear as to whether he got the better of the bargain, but it is quite safe to say so. They always charge about three times the price of any article! As we stepped into the garry we observed some very beautiful tints in the sky and Dr. Mary observed that a storm was brewing.

Our next stopping-place was at the house of a patient, a *zenana* woman, one of the prettiest women I have seen here. Her home was comfortable according to the native idea of comfort, but she seemed very lonely though surrounded by women. She is very fond of Dr. Mary and held her fast by the hand during our visit. She has no relatives and the other women in the house do not care for her. Her husband is not fond of her, probably because she has borne him no children, and the kindness Dr. Mary has shown her seems very dear to her. She begged her to come to see her again and soon. She has learned to read, so we left her a small book. The man of the house called us, saying a storm was coming on fast. The violent wind and dust storm caught us, but we were safely sheltered before the heavy, brief shower came down.

Then as we had the missionary prayer-meeting, we soon welcomed our guests to dinner. Very pleasant it was to have so many missionaries at the same table—Mr. and Mrs. Ager, Mr. and Mrs. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Wyman, Miss Butts, and Miss Bachelor.

After a few hymns we had our Bible reading and prayers. Surely it helps us as the weeks roll on. We prayed for faith—the faith that works by love—and for those in the home-land that they may be strengthened and blessed in their endeavors. You do not see the need as plainly as we who are here, or rather it is not brought home to you every hour as it is to us, so it seems to me that we ought to be very thankful for the kind, cheery help so willingly given.

Our thoughts naturally go out to the dear ones so far away, and among our many pleasant memories are those of Christian homes and lives sheltered by loving parents and friends.

And now I must stop, with the hope that something I have written may interest you.

EDNA C. WILE.

“ONE man is as good as a million when he stands for a great truth and is clothed with authority and majesty.”

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIVING.

WHAT—REALLY A SPARROW?

“CERTAINLY Christ was only speaking figuratively and poetically when he discoursed of ‘two sparrows sold for a farthing,’ and not one of them falling to the ground ‘without your loving Father’s notice.’” So says the objector to what has been stigmatized as “a farthing providence.” But Christ really meant what he said. Are not millions of sparrows hatched every year, and are they not, as a matter of fact, fed? Certainly; and take comfort in the fact, O fearful Christian, just as Christ intended you to do. Read again the sweet words of the Saviour: “Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap or gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?” (Matt. 6: 26.)

The following sweet story is translated from the French: “Two men were neighbors and each of them had a wife and several little children, and only his labors to support them. One of these two men was troubled in mind, saying, ‘If I die, or if I fall sick, what will become of my wife and my children?’ And this thought never left him. It gnawed his heart as a worm gnaws the fruit in which it is concealed.

“Now although the same thought had come to the other father, he had not dwelt upon it; ‘for’ said he, ‘God, who knows all, will also watch over me and over my wife and over my children.’ And this one lived peacefully, while the first did not enjoy an instant of rest or inward joy.

“One day when he was working in the fields, sad and cast down on account of his fear, he saw some birds enter a bush, fly out again, and then soon come back again. Having approached the place, he saw two nests placed side by side, and

in each one several little birds, newly hatched and still without feathers. And then he returned to his work ; but from time to time he raised his eyes and watched these birds, who went and came, bearing food to their little ones.

“ Now at the moment when one of the mothers was returning with her beak full, a vulture seized her, bore her upward, while the poor bird, struggling vainly under its grasp, uttered piercing cries.

“ At this sight the man who was working felt his soul more troubled than before ; ‘ for,’ thought he, ‘ the death of the mother is the death of the children. Mine have only me to depend on ; what will become of them if I fail them ? ’ And all that day he was gloomy and sad, and during the night did not sleep. The next day, on his return to the fields, he said to himself, ‘ I wish to see this poor mother’s little ones. Several without doubt have already perished ; ’ so he crept towards the bush, and looking in he saw the little ones in good health ; not one seemed to have suffered.

“ Astonished at this, he hid himself, to observe what happened. After awhile he heard a light cry, and saw the second mother bearing in haste the food that she had gathered, and she distributed it to all the little ones impartially, and there was enough for all, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery. And the father who had distrusted Providence recounted in the evening to the other father what he had seen. And the other said to him, ‘ Why make yourself uneasy ? God never abandons his children. His love has secrets that we know not of. Let us believe, let us hope, let us love, and let us pursue our way in peace. If I die before you, you will be the father of my children ; if you die before me, I will be the father of yours. And if we both die before they become of age to provide for their necessities, they will have for their father the Father who is in the heavens. ’ ”—*Watchword*.

“ A VIRTUOUS life is the most powerful eloquence.”

A PROPHET'S REWARD.

THERE is in Matt. 10 : 41 a remarkable word of promise :
"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward."

An example from history may help to make this plain. While Livingstone was in Africa a Mrs. McRobert of Scotland, unable in person to share his toils, sought prayerfully to help his labors to greater effectiveness. She had saved twelve pounds, and gave her consecrated offering to him that he might have a native African as a body-servant. This good woman received God's prophet in the name of a prophet. She sought to promote his comfort, spare him needless toil, and the exhaustion and exposure that might bring a fatal strain to mind and body amid African winds.

Livingstone used the gift to hire the faithful Mebalwe ; and when at Mobotsa a lion seized Livingstone by the shoulder, tore his flesh and crushed his bones, there seemed no hope for his life except God should work a miracle. While that beast's paw was on his head, Mebalwe, the native teacher, diverted the lion's attention from his master to himself and risked, as he nearly lost, his own life to save that of Livingstone.

How little did that humble Scotch woman foresee that her twelve pounds would indirectly be blessed to the prolonging of that priceless life for the toils and triumphs of thirty more years. And who shall dare to say that Mrs. McRobert was not in God's eyes a sharer in the wonderful work which he was spared to do in the opening Equatorial Africa? Who shall presume to say that she who received a prophet for his office' sake, and after her manner and means helped him to work, after a godly sort, is not a sharer also in his reward?

That twelve pounds made Mrs. McRobert joint owner in those thirty years, with all their glorious fruit. Through David Livingstone she lived and wrought among Africa's sable children.—*Divine Enterprise of Missions.*

THE RELATIVE HEIGHT OF HILLS.

(Ps. 121 : 1.)

"LIFE is only estimated aright by reference to the highest standard.

"The low foot-hills that lie at the base of some Alpine country may look high when seen from the plain, as long as the snowy summits are wrapped in mist ; but when a little puff of wind comes and clears away the fog from the lofty peaks, nobody looks at the little green hills in front. So with the world's hindrances and the world's difficulties and cares ; they look very lofty till the cloud lifts. And when we see the great white summits, everything lower does not seem so very high after all. Look to Jesus and that will dwarf the difficulties."

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

THE CONCERT CALENDAR, 1894.

January, The World; *February*, China; *March*, Mexico; *April*, India; *May*, Malaysia; *June*, Africa; *July*, United States; *August*, Italy and Bulgaria; *September*, Japan and Korea; *October*, Protestant Europe; *November*, South America; *December*, United States.

PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER.

[Subject, "Korea." See Notes on "Korea."]

WHY has Korea been known as the Hermit Nation?

What has been the effect of opening the ports to other nations?

Give an instance.

What are the results?

What has been reported as to its religious system?

What is its form of worship?

Describe the New Year's eve ceremony.

Describe the three years' observance after the death of parents.

What observances are afterwards continued?

What about the site for burial?

What care follows burial?

Who are honored by temples?

Is any missionary work being done?

[Subject for discussion, "The way in which God has led us as a society." See "Treasurer's Notes."]

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Hampton.* The Woman's Missionary Auxiliary of this church is doing a very good work. We meet at the homes of our members, on the first Wednesday afternoon of each month. The attendance last year averaged seven-eighths of our membership. Our meetings are opened with devotional exercises, then each one present repeats a verse of Scripture and reads or relates some item of interest relating to missionary work. After business one of our number reads aloud. Just now we are reading a book entitled "The Bishop's Conversion" which we find very interesting and helpful. After a plain tea we go to our homes feeling the afternoon has been pleasantly and profitably employed. We pay \$10 a year toward the salaries of Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner, and \$10 for the Balasore High School, and last year \$30.43 besides, which went to other parts of the work. Our thank offering exercises were held May 27. Each one had been requested to write on a slip of paper something for which she was thankful, or a verse of Scripture or of a hymn, and inclose it in the envelope with the offering. After recitation, select reading, and singing, the envelopes were opened, the messages read and the money counted, which amounted to \$5.23. We also have a Sabbath-school Mission Band, which is doing good work.

MRS. E. A. SCHERMERHORN, Sec.

NEW YORK.—The Woman's Missionary Society of the Susquehanna Yearly Meeting met in connection with that body at Apalachin, June 21, 1894. After the usual devotional exercises Mrs. Wm. Sherwood of Apalachin gave us a cordial welcome, which was fittingly responded to by our president, Mrs. Mayhew Whitaker. The secretary's report having been read, the annual election followed, resulting in re-instating the same officers for another year. A duet was sung by Miss Nettie Savory and Mrs. Burdick, after which a resolution was presented as follows: "In view of the great need of foreign mission work, we, the Woman's Missionary Society of the Susquehanna Y. M., *Resolve*, That we will do all in our power to have each Q. M. society composing this Y. M. pay the sum of twenty-five dollars for the support of a native teacher in India." Remarks favoring this resolution were made by several brethren and sisters, and it was unanimously adopted. Mrs. Wm. Wood of South Apalachin very effectively rendered a recitation, and our president read an original paper, closing with an extract from the *Morning Star*. Collection \$5.59. The interest throughout this Yearly Meeting is quite good. One church alone supports a native teacher in India, another has raised twelve dollars for foreign missions, while some churches that have no missionary society are doing good work through the Y. P. S. C. E. Notably Apalachin, which has sent ten dollars to our own field through our own denominational board. Only about one quarter of the churches are reported, as the secretary was unable to get any reports from the most of the churches, but we have good reason to believe that this branch of the work is moving steadily forward.

JENNIE E. SCHNELL, Sec.

IN MEMORIAM.

AT the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society at Surry, June 15, resolutions of respect were passed on the death of our sister, Mrs. Eliza Saunders, wife of Dea. Mark Saunders, who

died in Orland, Jan. 10, 1894, aged 78 years. She was deeply interested in the Woman's Missionary Society, being one of the first members of our parent society, the Female Missionary Society, and at the organization of the F. B. W. M. S. she became a life member. We feel that we have lost one of our most faithful and devoted members, but our loss is her eternal gain.

DEA. A. C. BURRILL, }
MRS. N. E. BURRILL, } *Com.*

Ellsworth Q. M.

Resolutions of respect were also passed on the death of Mrs. Eunice W. Blaisdell, who died June 22, 1893, at the advanced age of 89 years. She had been for many years a member of the missionary society. She was a "mother in Israel," full of faith and good works.

GIDEON'S ARMY.

IF we don't expect a blessing we don't get it. Look at Gideon. He had 30,000 men. God said that was too many. They would all take their share of the glory of the victory, and there was no need of dividing it up so small. We must take our place in the dust, and give God the glory if we want to do any good. "You've got too many," said God; "let all who are afraid step out." Twenty-two thousand out. Poor Gideon! I'd like to have seen him then. His faith must have been a little shaky. It was like a meeting I once attended, when some persons went out. The others, attracted by the noise, stood up, and it looked as if they all were going. "Ten thousand left," said God; "that's still too many." Then nine thousand seven hundred more stepped out, leaving but three hundred; but there were three hundred such men as Caleb and Joshua. There was no power that could stand against them. I think it was John Wesley who once said that if he had three hundred believing Christians he would shake the gates of hell and set God's kingdom up in the world. I believe he could have done it.—*D. L. Moody.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LETTER FROM THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY.

SINCLAIR ORPHANAGE, BALASORE, INDIA, June 7, 1894.

DEAR CHILDREN :—

Our school at the Sinclair Orphanage closed May 15 for a vacation through the very hot weather, which is from that time until the rains begin to come, about the middle of June. The annual prize-giving was held on that day and we had invited guests, both white people and native, to enjoy the exercises of the children with us. They had recitations, singing, etc.; then prizes were given to those who had earned them during the past year.

The little ones received dolls which had been sent from America, the larger girls various things; some nice boxes with lock and key; others, new "saries" or cloths five yards in length, which is their dress; one an Oriya Bible for the best Bible lessons; another, the silver medal which is given every year by a native gentleman to the girl in the Balasore district who passes the highest in the middle vernacular examination. It is called the Smith prize, in honor of Mrs. Smith.

The next day the native teachers Rachel and Sucela, some of the girls and I started for Jellasore, twenty-nine miles from here. It was my first visit away from Balasore, and you will want to know about it. The weather is so very hot now that we must travel in the night to avoid the burning sun. We started in the afternoon in a two-wheeled garry, with Mrs. Smith's two large white bullocks and the short, fat, little black driver.

The bullocks in this country have humps on their shoulders. About two miles from here there is a river to cross; as it is not deep we all waded to the other side. That was fun.

Two of the girls were going away, not to return to school

again. When we started they shed some briny tears and were very sober all the way, so did not feel like laughing or singing with the rest. We felt very sorry for them. Along the way in the fields we saw places where the heathen people had brought the dead bodies of their friends and burned them.

About dark we reached a place called Huldepudda, where there is a bungalow, or house at which travelers may stop. These bungalows are built especially for government servants but missionaries are allowed to stop there by paying a small sum to the keeper. Some of our party had gone ahead in another cart and here our number was increased to fourteen. I was the only white person among them, but I did not mind it at all, for they were as kind to me as could be. We rested a short time, ate some supper, exchanged bullocks, and continued our journey. The road was good all the way, and the moonlight was beautiful. I could easily see the time by my watch. The bullocks had bells on their necks and went very slowly,—so slowly that I said I thought they went to sleep. The driver lay on his seat and actually *did* go to dreamland. We often got out and walked and would get way ahead of our train. In the middle of the night we met a large elephant, on which were seated three people. As he came close to us, he seemed *such* a giant. We passed through several native villages where the people were sleeping on mats on the mud floor of their little verandas, or sometimes right out on the side of the road. We had short naps as we rode along but were wide awake by the time we reached the river near Jellasore. This is a very pretty river and the name means "the thread of gold." It is quite deep, and the bullocks had hard work to get through. In the rainy season the carts are put on boats and rowed across. The bed of the river is not nearly all covered with water now. On the Jellasore side there is about a quarter of a mile of white sand. We walked across this and up the bank and soon arrived at the pleasant mission house and our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rae, heartily welcomed us.

Next time I will tell you about Jellasure and Santipore and the people I met there, especially the children.

Your missionary, EMILIE E. BARNES.

WHAT THE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE DOING.

THE children and young people have not forgotten Miss Barnes during the months of May and June. As suggestive of ways of raising funds for her salary I will mention what some have done during these months:

Children's offerings, like our regular thank offering, at West Lebanon, Me., and Salem, Neb.; children's concert at Lincoln, Ia.; birthday box, Marble Rock, Ia., and Money Creek, Minn.; a collection at a missionary meeting at Hinckley, O., and a Children's Day collection at Cook's Prairie, Mich. Sunday-schools have sent contributions for her salary and other purposes as follows: The primary department and a class offering of the Haverhill church, in Massachusetts; Sunday-schools at Springville, N. Y., and Pickwick, New Hartford, Winnebago City, Money Creek, and primary class of Minneapolis, all in Minnesota; Elmwood Ave. church Sunday-school, Providence, R. I.; and East Rome and Plainfield, Mich., Sunday-schools.

The Young People's Society of Pittsfield, N. H., and the children's band of New Hampton, N. H., send their regular remittances for schools in India, each being responsible for one.

The Christian Endeavor Society and the Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., have contributed \$43.75 to our work recently. The Juniors are supporting a zenana teacher. We are greatly indebted to the young people of the Roger Williams church for the substantial aid they have rendered the Woman's Society during the past years.

Burnett, Wis., Mission Band, and a Band at Lincoln, Ia., make their gifts without specifying how they shall be used. We think our boys and girls will like to help in supporting Miss Barnes, unless they have other work in hand.

Children's bands at Farmington and Danville, N. H., are supporting each a child in Sinclair Ophanage, for whom they have made recent remittances.

A mission band at Nashville, Minn., sends money for Storer College.

With Aug. 31 closes our first financial year with Miss Barnes. It is hoped that figures will show by that time that Miss Barnes's salary from the commencement of her work in India to Aug. 31 has been fully met by the young people and the friends of the "children's missionary." TREASURER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOON after this number of the *HELPER* reaches our readers the Woman's Convention at Ocean Park will be in session, the dates being Aug. 13 and 14. We have already given in detail a prospective view of the many good things awaiting those who attend. We are not so constituted as to all be interested in the same things. Some will have keen relish for the Workers' Conference, especially appreciating the opportunity to meet and hear Miss Lavina Coombs; others will best enjoy some other of the different features brought out in detail in the department of "Practical Christian Living," in the June *HELPER*. The committee are fortunate in securing Mrs. Dexter to have charge of the music during the Convention. We shall be sure that that furnished will have soul in it. . . . In a private letter Mrs. Hallam writes, "A young Brahmin came as an inquirer last night. When asked what he wanted, he said he wanted to be saved from sin; after somewhat lengthy instruction he professed to accept Jesus as his Saviour. Alas, that we should always rejoice with trembling in these cases. Time alone will prove whether he is sincere or not." . . . We have given much of the matter in this number in a story form, knowing that the brain works sluggishly in August, and the mind, as well as the body, needs food easy of digestion. . . . The joyous springtime is passed. The sultriness of the summer, with its

scorching heat, oppresses us. Time moves steadily on, carrying us nearer the end of life, of opportunity. Let us then day by day, as ability will allow, do with our might what our hands find to do.

It has been remarked that our blessed Lord, so far as recorded, only reproved one woman, and that one was the one who allowed her household cares and duties to interfere with her duty to him. There may be a suggestion here for those women who are always too busy at home to join the Woman's Missionary Society.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for June, 1894.

MAINE.

Atkinson, a friend	\$0.25	Sebec, Q. M. col.	\$9.17
Bradford, Mrs. A. Marshall50	South Windham aux., Balasore	
Brunswick, 1st F. B. ch. T. O. for		work	2.50
Storer College	7.10	Skowhegan, Susan Boardman H.	
Brunswick Village aux.	7.00	and F. M.	10.00
Brunswick, Y. P. Soc. for Katie .	6.25	Springfield, Q. M. aux. L. M.	
Bowdoinham aux., T. O. for		Mrs. Mary Gallagher	15.25
Storer College	8.50	Thorndike aux., L. M. Mrs. B. S.	
Buxton, 2d ch. Miss Baker's sal.	2.00	Forbes	10.00
Cumberland, Q. M. col.	13.00		
Charleston, Mrs. John Tilton . .	1.00		
Charleston	1.00		
Dover and Foxcroft aux.	2.75		
Dover and Foxcroft Mite Boxes	2.76		
Dover and Foxcroft, Mrs. A. M.			
Everett	2.00		
Edgecomb, Q. M., col. Miss			
Coombs's salary	3.35		
Georgetown, 1st F. B. ch. Miss			
Barnes's salary	6.00		
Lagrange aux.	2.00		
Limerick aux., and L. M. Mrs.			
A. O. Perry	4.50		
Milo aux.	2.65		
Madison aux.	8.00		
Medford, H. M. \$1.50, F. M.			
\$1.50	3.00		
Saco, Mrs. M. J. B. for T. O . .	1.00		
So. Dover, Mrs. A. C. Lambert			
F. M.	1.00		
So. Dover, by Mrs. Hannah			
Livermore	5.60		

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Center Sandwich aux., Miss Butts	
and Mrs. Lightner	\$5.50
Danville aux., do do	10.00
Dover aux., Washington St. ch. .	3.00
Epsom ch. Miss Butts and Mrs.	
Lightner	8.00
Gonic aux., T. O. for gen. fund .	11.00
Gilford Village aux., H. and F.	
M.	3.00
Hampton aux., T. O	5.23
Laconia, Miss Ellen Cole	10.00
Lakeport, Mrs. O. E. Sinclair . .	5.00
Lakeport aux., T. O.	22.00
Meredith aux.	7.30
Meredith aux., T. O.	8.25
Meredith, Julia A. Eaton for Miss	
Butts's salary	3.00
Melvin Village aux., for Miss	
Butts's salary	5.00
Northwood, for the "Dearborn	
Fund" by Rev. J. B. Dan's	

executor	\$425.00
N. H. Y. M. aux., T. O. col. . .	31.64
New Hampton aux., Miss Butts's salary	3.00
New Hampton Children's Band for sch. in India	5.00
New Hampton, N. H. Inst. for Miss Butts's salary	14.00
New Market aux., F. M.	13.25
Pittsfield, Young People's Miss. Soc. for sch. in India	13.00
Rochester aux., True Memorial for sch. in India	2.00
Rochester ch., do T. O.	2.25
Rochester District Asso.	1.00
Tamworth Iron Works	8.00
Walnut Grove aux.	5.00
Walnut Grove aux., T. O.	5.00
Warner, Mrs. L. Stewart	1.00
Wolfboro Q. M. col.	8.42
Wolfboro aux.	2.33
Water Village aux.	2.25
Unaccounted for	3.00

VERMONT.

Corinth, Q. M. col. for Mrs. Smith's salary	\$6.15
East Williamstown aux., do . .	11.50
Huntington, Q. M. col. do . . .	6.15
Huntington ch. do	4.70
Jonesville, Mrs. Stephens do . .	1.00
Middlesex ch. do	5.00
South Strafford aux., do	6.00
Washington aux., including \$5 for H. F. Dickey for do	6.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury aux. \$2.48, T. O. \$5.05	\$7.53
Blackstone aux., Miss Phillips \$5 and Ind. Dept. \$5	10.00
Boston F. B. ch. T. O.	25.68
Chelsea ch. T. O.	6.00
Haverhill aux., T. O.	15.33
Haverhill aux.	4.67
Haverhill S. S. Class No. 5	2.50
Haverhill S. S. Primary Dept. for Miss Barnes's salary	2.50
Lowell ch., Mt. Vernon T. O. . . .	4.70
Melrose Highlands T. O.	7.11
Whitman, Bethany F. B. ch. T. O.	11.30

RHODE ISLAND.

Carolina aux., Miss Phillips . . .	\$5.00
Carolina aux., T. O. Ind. Dept. \$8.50, Miss Phillips \$8.50	17.00
Olneyville aux., Miss Phillips \$5, Ind. Dept. \$10	15.00
Olneyville T. O. Miss Phillips . .	3.75
Pascoag aux., Ind. Dept.	8.00
Providence aux., Roger Wms. T. O. Miss Phillips and Ind. Dept. .	44.00
Providence, Junior C. E., Roger Wms. for zenana teacher	25.00
R. I. District, col. by Finance	

Com. Miss Phillips \$9, Ind. Dept. \$6	\$15.00
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NEW YORK.

Springville S. S. for Miss Barnes	\$5.64
West Oneonta aux., for Phulmoni	12.00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Gibson Q. M. aux., for T. O. . . .	\$5.01
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OHIO.

Ayersville, Center Chapel ch. proceeds Miss. Concert for F. M.	\$2.25
Hinckley, children of ch. coll. at Miss. meeting for Miss Barnes	4.30

MICHIGAN.

Cook's Prairie, S. S. children's day for Miss Barnes	\$2.50
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IOWA.

Aurora, Miss Abby Miller Mrs. Miner's salary	\$1.00
Central City aux., Mrs. Miner's salary	13.00
Delaware and Clayton aux., do .	2.00
Edgewood aux., do	1.90
Lincoln ch., T. O. do	4.25
Lincoln ch., children's concert for Miss Barnes	3.30
Lockridge aux., Mrs. Miner's sal.	6.00
Marble Rock aux., do	2.18
Marble Rock S. S. birthday box Miss Barnes	1.64
Van Buren Q. M. aux., for Mrs. Miner	2.38
Waubeck T. O. do	1.80

MINNESOTA.

Castle Rock aux., Sinclair Orphanage	\$7.00
Diamond Bluff aux., F. M. . . .	2.75
Hennepin Q. M., col. F. M. . . .	3.60
Minneapolis aux., Storer \$5, F. M. \$10	15.00
Money Creek S. S., from birthday box for Miss Barnes	4.65
New Hartford S. S., for do	5.25
Nashville Mission Band, for Storer College	3.70
Pickwick aux., F. M.	3.50
Pickwick S. S., for Miss Barnes .	.50
Winnebago, First F. B. S. S. for do	2.00

WISCONSIN.

Burnett Junction, Mission Band .	\$1.00
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NEBRASKA.

Long Branch aux., T. O.	\$2.75
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Total \$1184.35

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.